

Hellbound

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Summary: What if Bethany accepted Jake's offer? Could she really be happy in hell without Xavier or her siblings

1. Chapter 1

When I opened my eyes again, I was sitting on a faded rug on the floor with my back propped against a cold plaster wall. I knew I must have been slumped there for a while because the cold of the room had seeped through my clothes and into my skin. My hands were bound, and my fingers tingled when I wriggled the. My arms were aching from being in the same position for too long. Someone had wound a rope tightly around my waist and gagged me with a dirty rag, making it difficult to breathe. I thought I could smell gasoline.

_I peered around the dim surroundings, trying to make out where Jake had taken me. It wasn't a dungeon as I had first imagined. Instead I appeared to be in the formal sitting room of a Victorian house. The room was large and airy and had high ceilings and light fixtures in the shape of twisted rosebuds. The rich tones of the carpet suggest it was Persian, but it smelled musty. The stale odor of cigar smoke also hung in the air. Two wide chesterfield couches, which had seen better days, sat opposite each other, with marble-topped side tables nearby. A deep mahogany sideboard held decanters so dusty you could barely make out the amber and plum liquids inside. In the middle of the room stood a long, polished cedar dining table with elaborately carved legs. The high-backed chairs positioned around it were upholstered in burgundy velvet, and in the center of the table sat an immense silver candelabra, its lighted candles casting elongated shadows across the room. Strange markings and symbols were scrawled on the walls, which were covered in peeling striped wallpaper. Portraits in heavy gilt frames hung above the marble mantle piece, and their faces watched me archly as if they were in on a secret I had yet to discover. There was one of a Renaissance-looking gentleman in a ruffled collar, and another of a woman surrounded by five nymph-like daughters, all with Pre-Raphaelite hair and swirling

dressess._

A film of dust lay over everything, including the paintings. I wondered how long it had been since anyone had lived in the house. It seemed to be frozen in time. A giant spider's web swooped gracefully across the width of the ceiling like a sheet of muslin. When I looked more closely, I saw that everything reeked of decay. The dining chairs looked moth-eaten, the picture frames were lopsided, the leather sofa sagged, and there were patches of damp on the ceiling where water had seeped through. Everything was still in place, as though the owners of the house had left in a hurry and never come back. The windows were boarded up so that only a few bars of natural light filtered into the room to fall in random beams across the carpet.

My whole body ached, and my head felt leaden and foggy. I could hear distant voices coming from somewhere, but no one appeared. I sat there for what felt like hours and started to realize what Gabriel had meant about the human body having certain requirements. I was feeling faint with hunger, my throat was dry and parched from the lack of hydration, and I desperately need to use the bathroom. I drifted into a semiconscious state, until eventually I was aware of someone coming into the room.

When I focused my eyes and sat up, I saw Jake Thorn seated at the head of the dining table. He was wearing a smoking jacket of all things and had his arms crossed. On his face he wore his trademark sneer.

"_I'm sorry it had to end like this, Bethany", he said. He glided over to untie the gag from around my mouth. His voice was like honey. "I did try to offer you a chance at a life together."_

"_A life with you would be worse than death", I said in a hoarse whisper._

I saw Jake's face harden. His cat eyes, which were black again, seemed to glaze over.

"_Your stoicism is admirable", he said. "In fact, I think it may be one of the things I like best about you. However, in this case I think you will come to regret the choice you have made."_

"_You can't hurt me", I said. "I'll only return to the life I knew."_

"_That's very true." He smiled. "What a shame your _other half _will be left behind. I wonder what will become of him when you're not here."_

"_Don't you dare threaten him!"_

"_Struck a nerve?" Jake asked. "I do wonder how Xavier will react when he finds his precious one dead. I hope he doesn't do anything rashâ€"grief can make men behave in strange ways."_

"_Leave him out of this." I struggled against the rope. "We can settle this ourselves."_

"_I don't think you're in a position to bargain, do you?"_

"_Why are you doing this, Jake? What do you'll think you'll gain?"_

"_That depends on your definition of gain. I am but a servant of Lucifer. Do you know what Lucifer's biggest sin was?"_

"_Pride", I answered._

"_Precisely, so you really shouldn't have wounded mine. I didn't appreciate it."_

"_I didn't mean to wound you, Jakeâ€¦|"_

He cut me off. "That was your mistake, and this is the part where I get even. It will be quite a show watching the perfect school captain take his own life. My, my, what will everybody say?"

"_Xavier would never do that!" I hiss feeling my heart skip a beat._

"_No, he wouldn't", Jake agreed, "not without a little help from me. I can get inside his head and offer some useful suggestions. It shouldn't be hard. He'll already have lost the love of his life, right? That ought to make him very vulnerable? What shall I make him do? Throw himself onto the rocks at Shipwreck Coast? Wrap his car around a tree, cut his wrists, walk into the ocean? So many choices to consider."_

"_You're doing this because you're hurt", I said. "But killing Xavier won't make you happy again. Killing me won't bring you satisfaction."_

"_Enough tiresome talk!"_

He drew a sharp knife from the inside of his jacket and bent to slice through the ropes that held me with small, deft movements. My arms and hands ached even more once they were free. Jake pulled me up so that I was kneeling at his feet. I saw his polished black shoes with their pointed toes, and at that moment, I didn't care about the pain in my limbs or the pounding in my head or about feeling sick and weak from lack of nourishment. All I cared about was getting to my feet. I would not bow to before an Agent of Darkness. I would rather die than betray my Heavenly allegiance by surrendering to him.

I put a hand out to the wall and used it to haul myself to my feet. It took all my energy, and I didn't know how long I could keep it up. My knees wanted to buckle beneath me.

Jake looked at me with wild amusement.

"_Hardly the time for loyalty", he jeered. "You do realize I hold your life in my hands? Worship me if you want to live to see your Xavier again."_

"_I renounce you and all your works", I said calmly._

_This seemed to enrage him, and he lifted me off my feet and threw me across the dining room table. My head hit the surface with a crack before I careered onto the floor and landed in a heap. Something

sticky was snaking its way down my forehead._

"_All right down there?" Jake asked smugly from his position, leaning against the side of the table. He roughly stroked the wound on my face and his hands radiated heat._

"_It doesn't have to be this way", he purred. He waited for a sign of agreement, but I remained mute._

****NOW FOR THE FANFICTION TO BEGIN!****

He pulled back, sneering. "I think I can change your mind." He snapped his fingers and Molly emerged being hauled by two people I didn't know. He walked toward her, the knife blade glinting against the rays of sun. He placed it on her throat and looked up at me. "Stop! Please don't hurt her," I cried. "What will you give me in return for her life?" He asked, his eyes glinting greedily. "I'll go with you in exchange for her life," I said as tears streamed down my face. Jake snapped his fingers and walked over to me. When he saw I couldn't get up due to my pounding head he picked me up and carried me to limousine. I was too weak by then to fight back.

When I woke up I was leaning against someone. I shifted closer to it thinking it was Xavier. I soon noticed that my captor was not Xavier. He was to lean and he smelled of spice. I slowly lifted my eyes to see them. They had green cat-like eyes, long shoulder length hair, and pale skin. I instantly recognized him as Jake Thorn. "Finally you're awake. I was worried that I'd have to take you to the hospital," he said, in mock seriousness. I scooted away from him as fast as I could but he had an arm wrapped around my waist and pulled me towards me till I was practically sitting on his lap. "Let go of me!" I fumed. He gave an exaggerated sigh and let go of my waist. I was at the other end of the bench as fast as I could. "You don't have to be so defensive," he said. I ignored him and decided to look out the window. As I watched the landscape drift by I fell asleep. Bottom of Form

2. Chapter 2

I woke up to Jake gently saying my name as he shook me gently. I was hoping that he'd go away so I stayed still. He sighed then picked me up. At this moment I decided would be a good escape. I thrashed and tried to get free of his grasp but by the way he already had a grip on me he must've known I would do this. Once we were on even ground he set me down. "What was that for?" I glared at him. "You weren't going to be moving anytime soon," he shrugged. "Now, come on. I'd rather not be arguing with you until we're inside," he snapped. "Inside?" my voice was small and strangled. "Well, there's obviously some sort of security so that we don't have uninvited guests walking in and souls walking out," he scoffed. "What makes you think I'm going inside," I said. "We had a deal," he said flatly. "So? I hardly call that affair deal," I retorted. "We could've just gone in without making a big scene, but I see you want to be the center of attention, so I'll make you it," he moved towards me with inhuman speed and within seconds he had me slung over his shoulder as I thrashed to no avail. As he walked easily to a corner he set me down, still keeping a grip on my arm. "Are you going to behave?" He hissed. I nodded, as tears streamed down my face. He wasn't joking. This wasn't a dream. This was the real deal, I was going to hell. "Good," he said,

satisfied as he wiped away my tears with his thumbs. As we walked to the door I spotted two males guarding the door. They had black suits on, their hair was combed back. From afar they looked like normal people, but once I got closer I realized that they were anything but. One of them had piercings everywhere. The other was wearing eyeliner and had tattoos that covered most of his face. "Ryan, Devin," Jake acknowledged. They silently bowed their heads at him and opened the doors. A loud beat was playing that I recognized from last year. As Jake pulled me through corridors, down staircases, and long tunnels I tried to remember the path he was taking but soon it got confusing and I gave up trying to remember. My feet were starting to hurt badly since I had lost my shoes. "Jake, how much more do we have to walk?" I asked, trying to keep the pain out of my voice. Sadly he noticed it. "Another hour, why? Do you need me to carry you?" He smirked. "No," I glared at him. My feet were quickly getting to painful to walk on and I soon fell. I lay there for a few seconds, feeling the presser on my feet seize. Jake gave an exaggerated sigh and picked me up and slung me over his shoulder as if I were a rag doll, despite my thrashing. "Bethany, we both know you can't walk right now," Jake sneered. "I can! Now put me down!" I demanded. "If you insist," he mocked. As soon as he set me down on my feet I gasped and fell. Luckily Jake was prepared for this because in a second I was back in his arms. I glared at him "I didn't need you to carry me." "Oh, you didn't?" Jake smirked. I glared at him. We were silent for the next hour. Once we got away from all the stairs and long hallways there was a car in an opening. Jake quickly deposited me into it and shut the door, then walked around and got in. I took this moment to see what condition my feet were in. They were cut, bruised and swollen. I winced as I picked a shard of glass out of my foot. For the next hour or so I tended to my feet while Jake drove. "Have you ever driven?" Jake asked, never tearing his eyes from the road. "No," "Shame, you haven't lived. I should show you sometime." "I have no interest in learning how to drive especially if you're going to teach me," I snapped. We were silent the rest of the way.

End
file.